



Bitter Cold



14 0 1

Chapter 1 by Robert

The soft, light snow brushed my face as it fell and the wind blew to the north. The snow, at least a foot deep, covered everything. I was surrounded by my kingdom... The trees. They protected me from the winds. They were my guards and they fought against the bitter cold.

About three months ago, I woke up in snow, under tall trees in a forest up North. Well, at least I think it was the North. I had very little on - I think I had on a thin t-shirt, jeans, and a slip-on pair of shoes. The first thing I did was stand up and take in the unfamiliar world around me. I was freezing, and I couldn't feel my hands. I looked around for shelter of sorts, but there was nothing besides the towering trees and small hills. Despite finding nothing in the surrounding area, I told myself that there'd be something near. There'd have to be.

I followed the wind to the north, where mountains rested. Numbness consumed me as I starved for food. When I came across a hill, I took it slow so I wouldn't slip and fall. Once on the top, I saw a pack of what looked like wolves. They were drinking out of a small pond, which they got access to by smashing the ice. They noticed me immediately. I made sure to go down slow, without making any sudden movements. I was heading down when I slipped. I raced down the hill and was heading straight for the pack. They all ran, except for one, who watched. He watched as I dove straight into the freezing pond. I blacked out.

I woke up, hardly able to see my hand which lay right in front of me. Everything was a blur. I had a headache, and couldn't feel anything. Things were slowly coming back to me. I heard snoring and heard the winds whip across the snow and my teeth chattering. After a few moments, I

could see clearly again. He was an animal laying across me. A wolf. I recognized the light gray fur - It was the wolf that watched.

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"You I-like tha-that name, d-don't you, b-boy?" I managed to get out. He stared at me, and I observed him. He had a collar. I'd read it later, I just needed to get out of there. I managed to push the dog off of me, and I stood up slowly, my body aching. I looked at the dog's tag, and I read that he was a Husky and he had all of his shots, which were up to date, but that was it. I began to walk slowly toward the mountains, hugging myself, wishing I was warmer. I would embark on an deadly journey for survival, along side a dog, whom I called Saber.

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